

WEST PARIS

The Friendly Class of the Universalist Sunday School entertained their friends at their business meeting in Good Will Hall, Friday afternoon from 2:30 to 5 o'clock. The hall was made homelike and pleasant with rugs, tables and potted plants. The decorations were suggestive of Halloween. About forty were present. Brief devotional services were held, and the company joined in singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The interest of the afternoon was centered in a talk by Mrs. Tait, wife of Dr. Tait, who gave a very instructive talk on her travels in Europe. Mrs. Tait is a brilliant woman, and her word pictures of that continent were very vivid and interesting. The ladies served tea and crackers at the close of the meeting.

Edwin J. Mann is on a hunting trip at Middle Dam. He is accompanied by friends from New York and Massachusetts, and B. R. Billings of Bryant's Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Devine and daughter were in Portland, Saturday. Mrs. Annie Willis was in Portland a day or two last week.

The ladies of the Federated church held their annual sale, supper and entertainment. The sale was well patronized and as usual the harvest supper drew a large number, and the evening program was excellent. The musical numbers, under the direction of Mrs. Stella W. Burnham, were greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. Linnie Stearns and Mrs. Abbie Abbott attended the Sunshine Club at Paris Hill, Thursday.

Mrs. C. L. Dillon was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Ernest Herrick, Thursday. Arthur Flavin, who has been with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Flavin, during the summer, left Wednesday to resume his position. His first stopping place will be Washington.

Rev. Stanley Manning of Augusta, State Superintendent of Universalist Churches, will preach at the Universalist Church, Sunday, Nov. 16.

Mrs. H. B. Tuell entertained a very pleasant company of ladies at dinner Wednesday, who are quite familiarly known as the Silver Gray Club, composed of elderly ladies, who each year spend a week at camp at Locke's Mills during the summer season, and have many pleasant relations together. This club is composed of Mrs. Columbia Dunham, Mrs. Sarah Devine, Mrs. Esther A. Tuell, Mrs. Esther B. Tuell, Mrs. Annie Willis, Mrs. Martha Dunham, Mrs. Elvira Dennen and Mrs. Cynthia Curtis, and although their united ages are 624 years, all are in splendid mental and physical condition, and capable of housekeeping in the best manner. The eldest member, Mrs. Esther A. Tuell, still embroiders, makes tatting, crochets and sews equal to the young woman of the present time. After dinner there were a number of callers, among whom were Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, who offered prayer and read a beautiful poem, her sister, Mrs. Perkins of Turner, Miss Minnie Stevens, Mrs. Addie Mann and several others. This was a get-together party in honor of Mrs. Esther A. Tuell, who went Thursday to Portland to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Irvin L. Bowker. Several pictures of the group were taken before separating.

Miss Ella Curtis accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Devine to Portland, Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Libby and Miss Clark and Miss Clara Berry attended the teachers' convention at Bangor.

WHY

Fires Are Known as Friendly and Unfriendly

Friendless can hardly be associated with the cry, "Fire, fire." But the fire department, as it rushes down the street with bells clanking and siren shrieking, may be responding to the alarm from a "friendly fire."

The eye of the law, ever alert to make fine distinctions, long ago found it necessary to distinguish between fires which in the ordinary course of events would be considered harmless and those flames which were entirely out of their proper spheres. It thus came about that the law says: "Fire, in the language of a fire insurance policy, means the same as the ordinary accepted definition, unless otherwise specified; that is, it means the principle of combustion as manifested in light or heat, especially flame. However, employed for the ordinary purposes of lighting, heating or manufacturing, while the same is contained within its proper receptacle, it is to all intents and purposes a friendly fire. All others are, of necessity, unfriendly fires."

As a result of this distinction on the part of the law it has been held that damage done by a lamp when the flames get too high, resulting in smoking or charring, could not be collected upon, because it was "friendly fire," and at no time out of its proper place. So, too, the destruction of food upon a stove, or damage occasioned by someone putting the wrong sort of fuel into a furnace, which caused excessive heat and smoke, were held to have resulted from similar friendly flames and were not collectable from the fire insurance company.

It is interesting to know, in this connection, that a certain individual attempted to collect on a fire insurance policy because of damage to his building, caused by a fire truck colliding therewith while on its way to a fire. The plaintiff claimed that the damage was the result of the fire. He, of course, lost the case. Insurance as the potent one of these "friendly fires" leaves its customary, or proper place, it becomes an "unfriendly" one and must be treated as such. It is a simple matter to distinguish the friendly from the unfriendly, even among fires.

Why Shortcomings in Speech Are Frequent

Americans are "lip-lazy," says President Southwick of the Emerson College of Oratory. To this laziness he lays our shortcomings in speech. To the charge that most Americans slur or mumble their words, show little regard in conversation for the structural niceties of language, and rely heavily on slang to convey a meaning, we might as well plead guilty. The charge is true. But there are more factors involved than "lip-laziness."

Excessive fatigue, for instance, will affect one's speech. Worry and undue excitement are factors, also. At any time when the mental or physical state is disturbed there is a letting down of morale in speaking. The man who thought he had banished "ain't" from his vocabulary lets it slip off his tongue and then wonders where it came from. It was there all the time—ever since he had acquired it in childhood.

So it all comes back to child training. The language one uses under stressful conditions is the language he acquired before 12 years old. That is the golden period in the formation of speech. "Give the child good English then," says a former head master of Eton college, "and he will learn to hate bad English." More than that, he will not find himself slipping now and then into habits that are humiliating. In speech as in character, the tree follows the bending of the twig.—Milwaukee Journal.

Why the Test Failed

A gruff old practitioner of the type of the last generation, who is official physician of the public schools of a nearby town, was examining the mental faculties of the pupils one day recently and, with watch in hand, gripped a little girl of ten taking the test.

"How old?" he asked, with the timidity of a cat's length.

"No, sir," came the ready reply.

"How old?" he repeated, frowning at the girl's answer.

There was the same immediate reply, and, with an air of deep disgust the old doctor held the watch to his own ear with the exclamation: "What the old thing ain't you?"—Pittsburgh Courier.

Why Woodpecker Is Friend

Woodpeckers play an important part in destroying the round-headed apple tree borer, according to T. L. Huston, bureau of plant industry, Pennsylvania department of agriculture. Soon after the borers hatch, the woodpecker finds them beneath the bark of apple trees. The birds start right after the worms, continuing to drill for them as long as the borers are in the wood. In several orchards where count was made, 25 to 75 per cent of the borers had been destroyed by the woodpeckers. The downy woodpecker and the hairy woodpecker are said to be the chief varieties of the species that feed on round-headed apple-tree borers.

WORK WEARING YOU OUT?

Bethel Folks Find a Bad Back a Heavy Handicap

Is your work wearing you out? Are you tortured with throbbing backache—feel tired, weak and discouraged? Then look to your kidneys! Many occupations tend to weaken the kidneys. Constant backaches, headaches, dizziness and rheumatic pains are the result. You suffer annoying bladder irregularities; feel nervous, irritable and worn out. Don't wait! Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Workers everywhere recommend Doan's. Here's a Bethel case:

Mrs. A. L. Holt, 7 Elm St., says: "My kidneys were out of order and I had severe spells of backache. Everything seemed a drag to me when going about my housework. I also had dizzy spells when black specks came before my eyes. As soon as I began using Doan's Pills, which I got at Basserman's Drug Store, I got relief and three boxes cured me." Mrs. Holt is only one of many Bethel people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for DOAN'S PILLS, the same that Mrs. Holt had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 60 cents at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

ANDOVER

Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Merrill and daughters, Thelma and Muriel, from Rumford Point visited her people, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Akers, Sunday.

Irving Hanson from Portland and C. L. Mitchell from Rochester, N. H., are on a hunting trip at C Pond this week. Theodore Hevey, who has been operating a motor boat on Aziscoos Lake, met with a bad accident Friday evening when sliding home from Erol, N. H. He was thrown from his motorcycle and was found unconscious beside the road. He was taken to the Brown farm and medical aid from Berlin was summoned. He was badly cut and bruised about the face, shoulders and hands.

Sunday, Nov. 9, Rally Day will be observed in the Sunday School at the Congregational Church.

Tuesday evening the Ladies' Aid of the Universalist Church served a chicken pie supper at the vestry to a large company.

Mrs. P. W. Learned remains very ill. Mrs. Grace Roberts is caring for her. The "Silver Grays" at Rumford enjoyed an automobile ride to Andover, Tuesday evening, Oct. 23, where they held a dance in the hall followed by a chicken pie dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. John Millidge and children from Rumford were guests of her sister, Mrs. Charles Roberts, Sunday.

Henry Bemis is working for Stephen Marston.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Howard were in Portland, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Pauline Small, who is attending Stephens High School in Rumford, spent a few days last week with her father, Papi Small, and family.

Bert Dunn is critically ill at his home, 33 Main Street.

The many friends of Mrs. Nathan

Akers of Rumford are pleased to hear that she is improving from a recent surgical operation at the Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Mrs. Merle Burgess from Rumford Center visited her people, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Akers, a few days last week. George Thomas is ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Roger Thurston.

WEST BETHEL

Miss Ruth Luxton and Miss Gloria Frothingham of South Paris were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Luxton the last of the week.

Mr. Frank Hunt returned Saturday from Norway where he has been the guest of his mother.

Mr. Thaddeus Luxton has employment at Bethel Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Martin and children were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Martin at Harrison.

Mrs. Laura Procter, who has been a guest at Ervin Hutchinson's for the past two months, returned to her home in Norway, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wood of Norway were in town, Sunday.

Mr. Albert Bennett passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Chester Wheeler, Friday morning.

Mr. William Mills of Poland Springs was a recent guest of his mother, Mrs. Emma Mills.

WEST GREENWOOD

Mr. Jones of Albany is spending a few days in town.

Mary and Nellie Harrington spent the week end at home.

Mr. Fuller of Lewiston was a caller in town, recently.

J. E. Harrington and family recently

spent a few days in town. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Gorman called at Mrs. Dearden's, Monday. Mr. Shaw and family returned to their home, Friday. Mrs. Keenagh and son, Tom, called on Mrs. Flanders, Sunday. Mr. Seames and brother and Miss Cross and nephew climbed Mt. Spauld last Sunday and found plenty of snow up there.

Life Jobs

"Well, John," said the eminent personage, who was now an invalid, "who is it wishes to see me now?" "My biographer?" "No, your excellency," replied the butler, "your physician." "Ah! Almost the same thing. He's at work upon my life, too."—Philadelphia Record.

READ IT

Tell your friends about the
**Boston Daily
and
Sunday Globe**

Order next Sunday's Globe
in advance from your news-
dealer or newsboy.

..Cold Weather Hints..

Better have that radiator filled with Denatured Alcohol in the right proportion so that it will not freeze. Alcohol is cheaper than radiators.

Winter Storage

We will come and get your battery and keep it for you through the winter. Batteries repaired and charged.

RADIATOR COVERS, AIR BREAKS, HEATERS
insure comfortable riding during the cold weather.

Herrick Bros. Co.

BETHEL, MAINE

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS presents



The THREE MUSKETEERS

Adaption, "Curtaining" Research under Edward Knoblock.
Direction under Fred Niblo
Photography under Arthur Edson

This newest of "Doug's" productions, this most enchanting of all Dumas' vivid stories, this marvelous visualization of "The Three Musketeers" is a truly a picture for everyone—for your family and every family. From it, the young can learn frankness, kindness, valor and generosity. The old can find forgetfulness of trouble and taste its antidote for sorrow. And all of us who believe in Life's drama, with its chapters of gaiety and wit, owe to Dumas a debt of gratitude.

"ALL FOR ONE, ONE FOR ALL"

ODEON HALL, BETHEL
Friday and Saturday, NOV. 7-8

ADMISSION: Children, 20c; Adults, 50c



ONE OF THE MANY THRILLING SCENES... BY

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"WAY DOWN EAST"

Coming Next Week, Nov. 14-15

Paint and Pay

The Wetherill Way

\$2.50 per week will insure your home from weather and wear—inside and out. And the method's easy.

Stop in and let us give you the details. Let us explain the Wetherill Budget Plan and how it saves paint worry.

Let us introduce you to our Wetherill "Home Beautiful" Paint Stock and its complete assortment of Paints and Varnishes. Look over its Suggestion Chart full of helpful hints and real advice on how and when and what to paint.

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The Mystery Road

By
E. Phillips Oppenheim

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Synopsis

BOOK ONE—CHAPTER I.—Fleeing from a brutal stepfather, an unhappy girl, and a promised husband she departs on a mysterious road on the verge of desperation.

CHAPTER II.—Hailed by an exploded fire, two young Englishmen, Lord Gerald Dombey and Christopher Bent, are attracted by the girl's dramatic appearance. She begs them to take her away from her misery. In a spirit of adventure they do so, conveying her to a remote castle and leaving her with friends. Myrtle, the English girl, never having been an educated woman, is a puzzle to them.

CHAPTER III.—Gerald sees a beautiful young woman in the rambling castle, and is fascinated, but can only learn that she is called Pauline de Fontaine and is with her aunt. He is unable to secure an introduction. Christopher and Gerald decide Myrtle shall not go back to her home, settling Myrtle's sister, secretly in love with Christopher, in the castle.

CHAPTER IV.—Gerald and Christopher arrange for a mutual guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER V.—Lord Dombey makes the acquaintance of Pauline. He is puzzled by the air of mystery and concealment surrounding her.

CHAPTER VI.—Myrtle falls desperately in love with Gerald, but he is a naturalist, and only mildly interested in the girl. He really cares little for her, but she loves him very much.

CHAPTER VII.—A mysterious Russian, Zabin, wins a large sum at the gambling tables. Gerald learns he has information from him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Christopher makes little progress in his courtship of Myrtle, who is completely infatuated with Lord Dombey and would gladly become his mistress. He really cares little for her, his interest being all in Pauline.

CHAPTER IX.—Gerald tells Pauline of Zabin's gambling. She is at once interested, and asks him to find the Russian and bring him to her. The Russian, Zabin, is a man of great power, and everything else he has on their way to the ladies Zabin kills himself.

CHAPTER X.—It is learned that Zabin was the steward of Madame de Fontaine and had stolen her money. He had been a Frenchman, and the two women had been deceived. The Russian Zabin had been a Frenchman, and the two women had been deceived. The Russian Zabin had been a Frenchman, and the two women had been deceived.

CHAPTER XI.—Gerald is giving a great party. He is a very young man, and is very fond of her, but I sometimes get fed up with your nervousness, your grand duchess and your stark idleness.

CHAPTER XII.—Lady Mary offers to take Myrtle to England with her and had employment. Christopher accepts the offer, and Myrtle goes to England with her.

CHAPTER XIII.—Gerald tells Myrtle of his love for Pauline, and that he is leaving for London at once. Pauline forms him his brother is confined to a bed at St. James. Myrtle, who is a very young man, and is very fond of her, but I sometimes get fed up with your nervousness, your grand duchess and your stark idleness.

CHAPTER XIV.—At St. James Gerald meets Mrs. Frankland, mistress of the house. She tells her of his mission, and she is very kind to him. He is a very young man, and is very fond of her, but I sometimes get fed up with your nervousness, your grand duchess and your stark idleness.

CHAPTER XV.—Mrs. Frankland arranges that Gerald take the place of the grand duke in the garden. He is a very young man, and is very fond of her, but I sometimes get fed up with your nervousness, your grand duchess and your stark idleness.

CHAPTER XVI.—Gerald's appearance in the garden is a surprise to all. He is a very young man, and is very fond of her, but I sometimes get fed up with your nervousness, your grand duchess and your stark idleness.

CHAPTER XVII.—Gerald's return to the garden is a surprise to all. He is a very young man, and is very fond of her, but I sometimes get fed up with your nervousness, your grand duchess and your stark idleness.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Gerald's return to the garden is a surprise to all. He is a very young man, and is very fond of her, but I sometimes get fed up with your nervousness, your grand duchess and your stark idleness.

CHAPTER XIX.—Gerald's return to the garden is a surprise to all. He is a very young man, and is very fond of her, but I sometimes get fed up with your nervousness, your grand duchess and your stark idleness.

CHAPTER XX.—Gerald's return to the garden is a surprise to all. He is a very young man, and is very fond of her, but I sometimes get fed up with your nervousness, your grand duchess and your stark idleness.

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CHAPTER XXII.—Gerald's return to the garden is a surprise to all. He is a very young man, and is very fond of her, but I sometimes get fed up with your nervousness, your grand duchess and your stark idleness.

Chapter IX

Gerald. He was almost defiant.

"If you think she would like to see us," he asserted.

He sat upright now, leaning a little forward. They were round the corner, in sight of the little grove of cypresses. And there at the gate—

Myrtle!—Gerald gave a little exclamation which sounded almost like a sob. His incredulous stare had something in it of awe and fear.

"I wrote her days ago and said that we should be passing," Christopher hastily explained.

She stepped out into the road to greet them. Even to Christopher her coming was almost like a vision. The small differences of clothing and circumstance seemed scarcely to exist. It was Myrtle who welcomed them, shyly but joyfully. Her eyes were fixed upon Gerald, and there was a touch of sublime pity in them as she realized the change. But from her face shone the same things.

"You will come in and see my home," she begged. "The car can turn in here. The road is better than it used to be."

"I am tired of the car," Gerald said. "I would rather walk."

They moved slowly down through the cypress avenue, Gerald leaning a little on Myrtle's arm, Christopher following behind.

"It is the most restful and the most beautiful place I have ever been in," Gerald murmured. "Tell me, Myrtle, have you any more news of that happened to me?"

"Everything! Christopher has written and I have just received it, too, from your father. Please do not speak of those things which are finished. You are here to forget."

Involuntarily he looked away toward the road and turned back with a shiver. Whatever his thoughts might have been, he said nothing. A little French maid, in spotless white cap and apron, came out on the veranda in reply to Myrtle's call.

"A bottle of our own wine and glasses," Myrtle ordered. "Some fruit and the sandwiches I told you to have ready, Marie. Come, we have another half-hour of sunshine. Gerald, you must take the sofa chair."

Gerald sank into a seat of cushions. Myrtle, bending over him, arranged them more comfortably. Her eyes were soft with the shadow of tears. Gerald, more weary than he had confessed, seemed for a moment almost to doze.

"He is very weak," Myrtle whispered, looking anxiously across towards Christopher.

Christopher nodded.

"It is the journey," he answered. "I wish that it were over."

The wine was brought, but Gerald was now in a deep sleep. Christopher and Myrtle sat at the other end of the veranda and talked in an undertone. Presently the sun began to sink behind the forest-crowned hills, westward.

Gerald sat in his place and stared at his friend in amazement.

"How long have you been keeping that bottled up, Chris?" he asked.

"Ever since Myrtle turned me down," was the prompt reply. "She was as kind as she could be about it, but she did her job like a surgeon. She hurt, but I knew it was no use ever thinking about her again that way. I am a disappointed observer now and I can see the truth."

"I suppose I have been rather an ass," Gerald acknowledged, "but you must remember, Chris, I didn't quite know what I was in for when I took on that visit to Russia, and I don't think any one could go through what I had to go through without getting bewildered over. Fancy being taken care of like a baby by that amazing woman, Elza Frankland! Having to own her your life half-a-dozen times over! Seeing that great, coarse creature, with her hawk-like yellow hair, and her breath smelling of drink and patchouli, standing up one moment and defying a death, and lying the next without a tremor to guards who would have set us up against the wall and shot us on sight if they had known the truth!"

"She was an epic figure," Christopher declared. "I wonder what has become of her."

"Heaven knows!" Gerald answered. "We may meet her sometime at Monte Carlo, or she may have married a respectable German tradesman and buried the past. She is wealthy enough. She got that fellow Krasnoyev's share of the money I took out, as well as her own. How these things turn out! What a world!"

Gerald looked back at the place with half-drawn eyes. The twilight was well on its way to the twilight. This was the first time he had spoken naturally of his journey in Russia and the terrible experience through which he had passed.

All through the summer months he had lain about the garden at Waterbury, accepting life as an inevitable burden, gaining no strength, sleeping little, all the time engaged in a mortal struggle with the tyranny of his nerves. Nothing had moved or interested him. These last few sentences of his were the first evidence of his return to a natural outlook. Physically he had shrunk almost to a shadow. There was very little left of the gay and debonair young man who had passed his arm round Myrtle's waist and drawn her into the car, mocked at Christopher's remonstrances, and, with a few careless words, built up in Myrtle's heart the fairyland at the end of the road. Yet, as they drew away the place where they had found her, he seemed to shake off some of his torpor. He set up and looked at him with reverent eyes. The car had and they would see the gate!

"What do you also in step for a moment?" Christopher asked. "Myrtle is almost certain to be here."

The next moment a carriage had changed.

clared, "I am confident. That young woman has powers beyond the ordinary human being's. Besides, our telegram every day has assured us that all is well."

"It seems curious to me that Gerald should have been so content," Myrtle remarked. "Is this the place, Christopher?"

Christopher nodded. The car was slowing up. On their right was the little grove of cypress trees and the gate.

"Here they are!" Myrtle exclaimed. "Why, just look at Gerald!"

The two young people came down the cypress grove, arm in arm. Gerald was walking with much of his old swagger. Once more his head was thrown back; once more there was all the joy of wild spirits in the abandon of his enthusiastic greeting. Myrtle, on the other hand, seemed quieter than usual.

"Gerald, what have you been up to?" his father demanded.

Gerald laughed.

"Listen to that, dad," he said, "and see if you can't guess."

The bell from the little white church was tinkling away merrily. Gerald passed his arm around Myrtle.

"She's terrified to death," he declared. "Please every one tell her that they're glad."

Myrtle was easily persuaded. Her father-in-law dispossessed Gerald as they turned towards the house. Mary walked on the other side.

"You have now arrived in time for the celebrations," Gerald continued. "The festal tenantry are in view on the far side of the house. You will presently have the opportunity of hearing me make a little speech in my most perfect French, which I have just learnt by heart."

"So you are really married?" Mary exclaimed incredulously. "Gerald—Myrtle—how wonderful it all seems!"

"Amazing!" Gerald agreed. "Myrtle was evidently my predestined Mecca. I am no longer ill. I have never been so happy in my life. I was planning for four hours yesterday, and practicing approach shots over the road to get rid of a little superfluous energy after tea. What I really covet is the job of Pierre, the head man, but Myrtle won't listen to it. She says I don't understand the soil."

As they reached the house, the old cur came shuffling out, beaming with smiles, delighted to find that every one spoke his own language and that he could talk to them about Myrtle. Luncheon was agreed on for the veranda, and Marie and a young friend from the village, with great bunches of white carnations fastened to their frocks, were waiting to serve. Gerald himself uncorked the wine.

"I propose to make a speech," Lord Hintersley announced, holding out his foaming glass.

"It must be a short one," Gerald insisted. "The omelette won't wait."

"Then, as an omelette is my favorite dish and that one appears to be a chef-d'oeuvre, I drop the speech," his father assented. "I will only say, Gerald, that you have made Mary and me very happy, and that no bride in the world was ever more welcome than Myrtle to our home and lives."

Every one began to talk at once. By and by, that curious sense of unreality, the feeling that the whole thing was a scene out of an old-fashioned comedy, passed away. Gerald, who was shamelessly holding Myrtle's hand under the tablecloth, raised his glass and looked into her eyes.

"It was I, after all," he whispered. "Who had no idea what lay at the end of the road. You were the wise lady and I the fool."

All through the afternoon the villagers came and went, and the young people danced in the field at the back of the farm. Many toasts were exchanged. Every one was extraordinarily happy. Then the time came for Christopher, who was on his way back to England, to leave. Mary, who was spending the night with her father at Cannes, walked with him to the road. They paused for a moment at the gate.

"And it was really here that you found Myrtle?" Mary remarked, looking across her with interest.

"We found her at this very spot," Christopher answered, "gazing along the road to the hills. All her life she had wondered what lay on the other side. Many of us never find out. I think that Gerald has been very fortunate."

"I am glad that you are happy about it," Christopher said with quiet but farcical significance.

"It is because I am happy about it," Christopher replied, turning towards her. "What I am going to venture—that, Mary, well, I think I feel a little like the man who walked for a few minutes of his life in the twilight and fancied that it was a day. I honestly thought that I was in love with Myrtle. I knew now that there is no one I ever really cared for but you, Mary."

She raised her head and looked at him, gazing unresistingly to the arm which was drawn around her.

"I am quite sure," she murmured, "that this is an enchanted land."

[THE END]

THINGS UNUSUAL

By T. T. MAXEY

THE SKYSCRAPER CHURCH

In 1881, when Chicago was in its swaddling clothes, the Methodists purchased a plot of ground in the downtown section of the town and built their first church center upon it.

By the time 1885 rolled around, the increased growth made the securing of larger quarters an absolute necessity. In the meantime, the business part of the city had shaped itself around the church and the value of the church property had increased at a tremendously rapid rate. The Methodists might have sold out at a handsome profit, but instead they decided to retain their holdings and capitalized the situation by combining religion and business after a new fashion, producing a practical necessity. They built a building several stories high, within which was a church, and rented the ground floor and all other space not used for church purposes, for business purposes.

History has again repeated itself. The attendance of 1922 had outgrown the church of 1885. Their plot had become the center of the city's retail business section. So again, the Methodists enlarged their quarters and in duplicating their former plan on a far larger and far more grand scale, they produced the tallest building in Chicago, the most unusual church building in America, and the highest church building in all the world.

This magnificent skyscraper church is 80 by 182 feet and 21 stories (and basement), or 290 feet high. The corner is surmounted by an elaborate but substantial spire which "carries on" 295 feet farther—making the total height of the structure 585 feet.

An elaborate entrance leads from the street directly into a veritable dream of a "house of worship," surrounded by shops and stores within. This secluded church is modeled somewhat after the style of the English churches, elegant but simple, dignified, and in silent accord with the creed of the church, with a seating capacity of about 1,500 persons, and containing an organ as fine in quality and pleasing in tone as the experts of the organ-builder's art could produce.

The original church is said to have cost \$500. The new structure, its graceful spire dwarfing all other skyscrapers in Chicago, cost about \$3,000,000, and the annual income from the space rented for stores and offices is a fabulous one.

The Story of Our States

By JONATHAN BRACE
XXXV.—W. VIRGINIA

A name implies a place. West Virginia was originally a portion of Virginia, the Old Dominion Colony. While its history is naturally yoked up with that of the Mother State, there are many points in which the two sections of Virginia were divergent and it was for this reason that West Virginia finally became a separate state.

The first white man who probably penetrated the wilderness of this Western region was John Lederer, a German surgeon, who went on a tour of exploration in 1690. In the same year, La Salle sailed up the Ohio and landed at several points in the present state. There was little colonization until 1732, when Scotch and Irish adventurers began to fill Western Virginia. They were encouraged but little, and, in fact, the King in 1738 declared that this part of the colony was Indian country and could not rightfully be settled. Colonization continued, however, and bitter warfare was waged against the Indians and the French who had come down from the North. In 1774 the battle of Pt. Pleasant was fought, which was one of the bloodiest of Indian conflicts.

The backwoodsmen who settled in the Western part of Virginia were entirely different types of men from the wealthy slave owners along the coast. Jealousies between the two sections arose and the Western countries felt great dissatisfaction at the way Virginia was governing them. The most marked point of disagreement was over the slavery question, and it was because of this that, when Virginia seceded from the Union in 1861, West Virginia took matters in its own hands. Delegates met at Wheeling, drew up a separate constitution, and declared their independence. Their application for admission into the Union was accepted by Lincoln, and in 1863 West Virginia became the thirty-sixth state.

It is often called the "Pan-handle State" on account of its shape. Its area is 34,170 square miles, and it has eight presidential electors.

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The Kitchen Cabinet

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Despite not any man, and do not spare anything for there is no man that has not his hour, nor is there anything that has not its place.—Rabbi Ben Ezra.

FOODS FOR AUTUMN DAYS

Even after summer has passed there come days so warm and sultry that heavy, hearty dishes do not appeal to the appetite. Here are a few to serve on such days:

Jellied Chicken.—Stew a fat old hen until quite tender and use all of the white part of the flesh. Put the meat twice through the meat grinder and then measure it. Add to the meat the same measure of thick white sauce and when well mixed put through a sieve. Add one tablespoonful of olive oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, eight tablespoonfuls of apple jelly, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of grated onion, mix and heat over the fire to melt the jelly. Put a mold, pour in the chicken mixture and set in a cold place to harden. Serve garnished with cubes of apple and parsley.

Apple Jelly.—To make a quart of jelly take four or five chicken or beef bones, add to one quart of boiling water, add the juice of half a lemon and five tablespoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in one cupful of cold water. Season to taste and stir in the whites of three eggs well beaten. Place over the heat and stir constantly until the boiling point is reached, then let stand thirty minutes in a warm place. Strain through a cheesecloth. Put into the loafbox to set.

Chicken Aspic.—Take a chicken which has been stewed. Carve the meat into thin little slices twice the width of the little finger by the length of it. Cut slices of ham of the same size and shape. Slice three hard-boiled eggs, and prepare two tablespoonfuls of mushrooms chopped. Use apple jelly and see that it is well seasoned. Fill the mold in layers and dot with the mushrooms, using the eggs for the sides and bottom. Let it become firm before turning out.

A mold of aspic tinted green and filled with peas, and chopped cooked beets, hard-boiled egg-white chopped, and any other vegetable which blends well in flavor and color may be used. Serve on lettuce with a rich mayonnaise.

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Chapter X

"And now," Christopher said, as they sat cradled up the last ascent, "to see if Myrtle has kept her word."

"Personality," Lord Hintersley de-

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'm tired now of all these streets and people
I'm going to a beach
where blue waves roll.
I'll sit and think long thoughts like winds blowing.
And wrap the sunny day around my soul.

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